After the Archery Class (shizumafu fanfic)

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/86468381.

Rating:	Not Rated
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	F/F
Fandom:	プロジェクトセカイ カラフルステージ！| Project SEKAI COLORFUL STAGE! (Video Game)
Relationship:	Asahina Mafuyu/Hinomori Shizuku
Characters:	Asahina Mafuyu, Hinomori Shizuku
Additional Tags:	Archery, My First Fanfic
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-06-10 Words: 857 Chapters: 1/1

After the Archery Class (shizumafu fanfic)

by mizimakesstories

The archery club's indoor range was quieter than usual that afternoon.

Most of the students had already finished practice and gone home, leaving only a few targets standing at the far end of the room. Sunlight filtered through the high windows, painting golden rectangles across the wooden floor.

Mafuyu Asahina stood at the shooting line with perfect posture.

She lifted her bow.

Drew the string.

A deep breath.

Release.

Thwack.

The arrow landed near the center of the target.

The instructor nodded approvingly.

"Excellent form as always, Asahina."

"Thank you."

Mafuyu bowed politely.

Everything looked effortless when she did it. Every movement was controlled and precise.

Across the room, Shizuku Hinomori watched with sparkling eyes.

"Wow..."

She had joined the beginner archery class only recently, and every time she saw Mafuyu shoot, she felt amazed.

When practice officially ended, students began putting away their equipment.

Soon only Mafuyu and Shizuku remained.

Shizuku was busy collecting arrows from the targets when she noticed Mafuyu preparing another shot.

"You're staying late too?"

"I wanted to practice a little longer."

"Oh! Then can I stay too?"

"If you'd like."

Shizuku smiled brightly.

The range became silent once again.

Mafuyu released another arrow.

Thwack.

Another near-perfect shot.

Shizuku walked back to her own position.

"Okay. My turn."

She carefully copied everything she had learned.

Feet apart.

Straight back.

Raise the bow.

Draw.

Aim.

Release.

The arrow flew beautifully through the air—

—and landed in the outer ring.

Shizuku lowered her bow.

"...Well."

Mafuyu glanced at the target.

"It hit."

"That's true."

"Which means it wasn't a failure."

Shizuku laughed.

"When you put it like that, it sounds better."

For the next twenty minutes they practiced side by side.

The sound of arrows striking targets echoed through the room.

Sometimes Shizuku hit close to the center.

Sometimes she didn't.

Once she accidentally released too early and the arrow landed embarrassingly low.

Mafuyu watched quietly.

"You're gripping the bow too tightly."

"I am?"

"A little."

Shizuku looked at her hands.

"Oh."

"Try relaxing your fingers."

"I'll try."

She prepared another shot.

This time she focused on keeping her shoulders loose.

The bow felt lighter.

She released.

Thwack.

The arrow landed much closer to the center.

Her eyes widened.

"I did it!"

Mafuyu nodded.

"That was better."

Shizuku smiled proudly.

For a while neither of them spoke.

The peaceful atmosphere of the range felt comforting.

Eventually Shizuku sat down on a nearby bench for a short break.

Mafuyu joined her.

Outside the windows, the sky had begun turning orange.

"Archery is strange," Shizuku said.

"How so?"

"You can't force it."

Mafuyu looked at her.

"If I get nervous, I miss."

She laughed softly.

"If I get too excited, I miss."

Another laugh.

"If I think too much, I miss."

Mafuyu considered that.

"Maybe that's why people enjoy it."

"Hm?"

"It requires focus."

Shizuku tilted her head.

Mafuyu looked toward the targets.

"When I'm aiming, I only think about the arrow."

The words surprised Shizuku.

For someone as busy as Mafuyu, having a moment where she could focus on only one thing seemed important.

"That sounds nice."

Mafuyu remained silent.

The orange light reflected in her eyes.

After a few moments, Shizuku stood.

"Let's shoot one more round."

Mafuyu nodded.

The two returned to the shooting line.

Five arrows each.

The final round of the day.

Mafuyu shot first.

Her arrows landed consistently near the center.

As expected.

Then it was Shizuku's turn.

First arrow.

Outer ring.

Second arrow.

Closer.

Third arrow.

Closer still.

Fourth arrow.

Almost at the center.

Shizuku took a deep breath and lifted her final arrow.

"The last one..."

She smiled nervously.

"No pressure."

Mafuyu stood quietly beside her.

Shizuku remembered everything she had practiced.

Relax.

Steady breathing.

Don't rush.

Just focus on the target.

Nothing else.

The room became silent.

The world seemed to narrow until only the target remained.

She released.

The arrow flew straight across the range.

For a second neither of them moved.

Then—

Thwack.

The arrow landed near the center.

Not perfect.

Not a bullseye.

But her best shot of the day.

Shizuku's eyes lit up.

"I did it!"

A bright smile spread across her face.

Mafuyu looked at the target.

Then at Shizuku.

"You did."

The small smile that appeared on Mafuyu's face was rare enough that Shizuku immediately noticed it.

"You're smiling!"

Mafuyu blinked.

"...Am I?"

"You are."

For a moment both of them laughed.

The tension of practice disappeared completely.

Soon afterward they put away their bows and collected the remaining arrows.

The range was growing darker now.

As they left the building together, the evening sky stretched above them in shades of gold and pink.

"Let's practice together again sometime," Shizuku said.

Mafuyu adjusted the strap of her equipment bag.

"Okay."

The answer was simple.

But it sounded genuine.

Side by side, they walked down the path away from the archery range.

Their scores didn't matter anymore.

Neither did who had shot closer to the center.

What remained was a peaceful afternoon, the sound of arrows flying through the air, and the promise of another practice session waiting somewhere in the future.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!